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THOUGHTS

ON

NEWS-PAPERS

AND A

FREE TRADE.

Atqui vultus erat multa et præclara minantis.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THOUGHTS

ON

NEWS-PAPERS, &c.

I HAVE always been troubled at hearing that an unfortunate devil of a News-printer was profecuted for a libel. I knew that the fraternity was numerous, and that therefore there muſt be a ſort of competition and rivalſhip among them; and of courſe, I did ſuppoſe, that each individual was obliged to be very courteous to his cuſtomers, and ready to take in whatever was offered to him for publication; and I thought it hard that what a poor fellow did merely for bread, without the leaſt evil intention

in the world, ſhould ſubject him to heavy fines and penalties. It appeared too, to me, that ſquibs of this ſort did no great harm, and that convictions upon them could do no great good; I could not conceive that honeſt and upright characters could be hurt by them, and where was the miſchief of expoſing thoſe of an oppoſite caſt? it ſeemed rather, if not likely to operate private reformation, to convey a uſeful warning to the public—'*He's a black fellow that, take care of him:*' the man on the contrary who was '*totus in ſe teres atque rotundus*,' who was wrapp'd up ſound and round in his own integrity, could ſcarcely feel himſelf rubbed by ſuch light things; and I recollected that no perſonage had in my days been more abuſed in theſe prints than my Lord Chatham, but I could not recollect that he ever plagued the poor tradeſman for it.—I thought alſo that ſeverities of this nature went to the freedom of the preſs, which my nurſe had told me, and my tutor afterwards, was the great palladium of our liberty.

But

But I have now changed my mind, ſeeing to what dangerous lengths theſe fellows will go, when under no check or controul, as is the caſe in this country, where there has not been any of them indicted within my memory; and they are in conſequence arrived at that pitch of inſolence, as to traduce and villify, not ſimple individuals, but the moſt auguſt aſſembly in the world, as they would fondly make us believe our Houſe of Commons has called itſelf.

I was led into this train of *deep* thinking by peruſing a bundle of news-papers, which our city friend had ſent down by the carrier (in return for a few geeſe and turkies) for the recreation of his country couſins during the holidays—theſe were chiefly made up of ſcraps and fragments, remnants and fag-ends of things, purporting to be the ſpeeches of

'Moſt potent, grave and reverend ſenators,
'Our very worthy and appoved good maſ-
'ters,'

but

but who are here transformed into a parcel of giddy ſchool-boys, capering about and huzzaing for having obtained *part* of their demands at a Chriſtmas barring-out, when poſſibly if they knew the truth, they had got nothing which would do them much good, or that did not ſuit the maſter's conveniency, and gratify his wiſhes full as much as their own.

A likely thing truly, that our ſteady and patriotic Parliament ſhould with ſuch precipitancy transfer its gratitude for benefits that *may* arrive, from the original native and true objects of it, to new foreign and fallacious idols!

And to mend the matter, theſe Newswriters would have us believe that this childiſh fickleneſs hath gone hand in hand with a novel and dangerous doctrine, viz. that Parliament's declaring itſelf ſatisfied, no matter on what grounds or however raſhly, ſhould at once extinguiſh all anxiety in the

the breaſts of the people, and put an end to their attention and vigilance.

Yet a wakeful jealouſy is thought to be the vivifying and conſervative principles in our mixt government. The ſoul and the ſalt which are to keep it from death and corruption.

What would have become of theſe countries had not, in times paſt, the legiſlature kept a ſtrict watch over the executive power? and now, ſince that quarrel is pretty well made up, what might not become of them in times to come, ſhould not the people keep a ſharp and ſteady eye on the conduct of their repreſentatives?

At any rate, as it is not a matter of hereditary right, where it is expected that the public ſhould pin its faith on the ſleeve of Parliament, the conduct of that auguſt body ſhould be temperate and ſteady, marked with decency at leaſt, if not with dignity.

At

At the opening of the ſeſſions we were equally aſtoniſhed and delighted by the ſpirit and unanimity of the Houſe; a Free Trade was demanded as a matter of right and of neceſſity; and our armed Societies were thanked, as thoſe (it was well underſtood at the time) who could ſupport that right and enforce that neceſſity.

But in two months—two little months—not two, how is the language of Parliament changed? I mean in theſe News-Papers—it is not to our well diſciplined bands—— '*the meſſis clypeata virorum, ſprung from the* '*hard teeth of the miniſtry,*' that we are indebted; but to the Lords North, Buckingham and Hillſborough; though ſome ſay to Lord North alone, others to Lord Buckingham, and a few (which ſeems to be his own conceit) to the laſt of the three; while one or two, with becoming modeſty and diffidence, beg a ſhare of our gratitude for the *benign* Father of his People—but in truth when our Parliament and Volunteers have taken their rightful portion, the remnant will

will not eaſily divide; and the claimants had better draw cuts for the whole, or cry croſs and pile, which was a royal paſtime before the game of the gooſe was invented.

I ſhall not diſpute it that the boſom of a Miniſter is the proper couch for Parliament to repoſe on, or that ſhe (for theſe News-writers make a female of her, '*varium & mutabile, &c.*') in any other ſituation is reſtleſs and diſquieted, in a conſtrained and unnatural attitude—yet ſome little courtſhips ſhould precede embraces, and there would be an appearance of immodeſty, after the ill uſage and violations which have been complained of, in ruſhing ſo eagerly into the arms of adminiſtration——thoſe arms which have rent the empire aſunder, and are dyed to the ſhoulders in the blood of Britain and of America.

Nor was it enough, it would ſeem, to burn incenſe on the altars of Moloch, unleſs they could by a ſort of ſide wind blacken with the ſmoak of it, thoſe true worſhippers who deteſt

deteſt his abominations and oppoſe his infernal rites—to drop the figure; what in the name of common ſenſe, Meſſrs. News-writers, would ye have had the Britiſh oppoſition to do? His Lordſhip's indulgences have been declared plenary—was oppoſition to ſuggeſt additions to what is quite enough, or as ſome of your Dramatis Perſonæ ſay, too much? Nothing, it is well known, coming from that ſide of the Houſe can ſucceed; and the moment his Lordſhip opened his Iriſh budget, the buſineſs muſt be conceived done, as far as he meant it ſhould go; the hiſtory of the preſent Parliament of Britain could not leave a doubt of this—the only danger was that a too zealous concurrence of oppoſition, or the diſplay of extravagant ſatisfaction from that quarter, might have given the Vizir a fit of the ſpleen, and rendered him more niggardly to us, leſt he ſhould do them a ſignal pleaſure—at that ſtage of the buſineſs, a ſilent acquieſcence was the only thing by which they could poſſibly ſerve the cauſe of Ireland.

And

And we have forgot, it ſeems, how theſe firm friends of the conſtitution and the empire ſtruggled in that cauſe throughout the laſt ſeſſions—when the new ſubordinate Miniſter in the one Houſe deſigned not to open his lips in our behalf, and the Coloſſus of the other treated us like inſolent and ungrateful beggars; granting us any thing was only exciting us to freſh demands, and we ſhould get no more—than what? Let the fortunate cultivators of Iriſh tobacco anſwer the queſtion.

And we have forgot too, it ſeems, how earneſtly they ſupplicated, that Parliament might continue ſitting a little longer, for the ſole purpoſe of relieving Ireland; when with a true Egyptian obduracy of heart, this all-gracious Miniſter refuſed it.

And have we alſo forgot how theſe very gentlemen exerted themſelves in the beginning of this ſeſſion to make the Miniſter quicken his ſlow ſleepy pace, and bring forward his propoſitions? Great wits are ſaid

to

to have ſhort memories—thoſe who have no memories at all come under a different deſcription.

And if ſome of them have gone a little farther, and ſeized the fair opportunity of expoſing to deriſion and contempt the imbecility of adminiſtration, why need this offend us? The overturning that Tory ſyſtem which has confounded and ruined every thing, is eſſential to the ſalvation of what remains of the conſtitution and of the empire. And ſurely if a ſpark of manly ſpirit warmed the boſoms of Britons, they would ſpurn from them with indignation a ſet of rulers, who equally deſtitute of wiſdom and juſtice, of humanity and courage, have refuſed every thing to Ireland on her knees, and granted every thing to Ireland on her legs—who would yield nothing to her prayers, and durſt withhold nothing from her enforced demands.

Reddere perſonae convenientia cuique, is indiſpenſable in dramatic writers, to which claſs I refer

refer thoſe of News-papers—they deal in fiction, have their actors, ſpeakers, characters, plots, cataſtrophes and what not? But tried by this rule, ours, I'm afraid, will be found often, though not always, defective.

For though it be natural enough for an orator who has precipitated himſelf from the heights of popularity and fair fame into an abyſs of corruption and infamy, from which he can never—never emerge, to endeavour, like the firſt apoſtate, by lying, deceitful ſpeeches to involve the innocent in ſuffering and diſgrace—yet to repreſent one of a very different caſt, a ſenator of unimpeached conduct, and unſpotted principles, as adopting the ribaldry of miniſterial hirelings, or the ravings of ſome frantic lordling, when ſpeaking of thoſe whoſe unremitting efforts have been to keep the empire back from the edge of that precipice to which the ſtrong hands of adminiſtration were dragging it—this beggars belief—*incredulus odi.*

Another,

Another, they tell us, has decorated his invective with a beautiful figure of ſpeech which has a learned name, in Engliſh—nonſenſe—the ſaplins of Shelela are animated, to put themſelves into hands (their own I ſuppoſe) in order to give their unfortunate monarch a ſound cudgelling!—Had there been any of our members who figures to greater advantage in a theatre than in the ſenate—who can repreſent Macbeth, for inſtance, better than a county, and this curious ſpeech had been given to him, it might have paſſed; the idea, if it can be called one, ſprings out of Birnam wood, which once upon a day marched to Dunſinane's high hill, and went to loggerheads with the Uſurper.

But theſe miſcreants are at higher game; an orator of the firſt rate abilities, who has lately made a holiday in Heaven, is introduced on the ſtage as aſſuring the audience —that is the nation, for we all liſten to him with delight—that he has inveſtigated the buſineſs to the bottom, and that indulgent

Britain

Britain has realized our idea of a Free Trade —yet people may ſuſpect the moment of extravagant tumultuous joy, not to be that of cool inveſtigation, and may not be diſpoſed to truſt the moſt conſummate wiſdom, which affirms an embryo in the dark womb of Time, to be a complete and beautiful production.

Nor is this all—if we truſt theſe audacious ſcribblers, we muſt believe, that a ſteady and admired ſenator, a man alike reſpected for his powers, his ſpirit, and his integrity, hath, in this frenzy of gratitude, declared that though what we have got be a matter of right, what we are to get will be really a gift, an effuſion of Britiſh liberality—indeed!—I ſhall not involve myſelf in the diſpute how far England's claim to a monopoly of the weſtern commerce is founded on reaſon and juſtice, but I muſt aſk a queſtion or two —has poor Ireland no right to compenſation for the immenſe dangers ſhe has ſuſtained by her *ſolemn* obſervance of the compact of ninety two, which Britain, by Lord North's own confeſſion, has ſo ſhamefully violated —not

—not incidentally and by chance, but with perfect ſyſtematic iniquity?—This great authority tells us, very plainly and truly, that we are thrown by this ſo backward in the chace, as to have no chance of ever recovering the ground we have loſt, but muſt be content to lag after Britain, at humble diſtance, to the end of the chapter.—Our woollen trade he candidly tells us has worn its fetters ſo long, as to have its gait ſpoiled for ever, and an awkward, ungainly movement entailed on it *in ſecula ſeculorum* — and are we really intitled to no compenſation for this, or for the growing profits we have been thus robbed of, during the courſe of near a century? Within which has fallen, or moſt people are miſtaken, the moſt proſperous period of commerce the Britiſh empire was fated ever to ſee.—Would all of her weſtern trade which Britain can *now* impart to us be too great a retribution? No—it would ſcarcely atone for the ruin of the little commerce we were permitted to enjoy, the penury and diſtreſs brought upon innocent Ireland, by the accurſed American war

—that

—that offspring of Britiſh pride and rapacity, and parent of cruel and illegal embargoes.

Further—I am told that in conſequence of a Britiſh ſtatute we are no longer at liberty to import Weſt Indian produce, from the Spaniards, Dutch, Danes or Portugueſe, as was formerly the caſe on payment of double duties—If this be the fact, if we ſubmit to be limited to the Britiſh iſlands, I would aſk, whether our being permitted to carry thither ſuch of our manufactures as we would truck and barter at other markets for their commodities, is to be conſidered as a matter of favour or bare juſtice? It would certainly be hard, very hard, if one conſented to be confined to a certain ſhop, not to be allowed to get what one wanted there, in exchange for ſuch goods as would be very acceptable at ſome others; or to be reſtrained from bringing home what one had purchaſed in one's own way.——

I ſhall perhaps be laughed at, if any one honours me with even ſo much notice, for applying the ſquares and rules of juſtice and morality to the meaſurement of political ſubjects; yet this was lately very much the faſhion; and though we have got rid of the captivating nonſenſe of the mother and her children, the tender, indulgent mother, and the rebellious, and undutiful children, which looked ſo pretty upon paper in the beginning of the American conteſt, yet at any time, when two ſovereign independent kingdoms are treating, and there is talk of beneficence, liberality, largeſſes, on the one part, and of confidence and great gratitude on the other, there is no other way of trying the matter; for theſe are not ſound political words.

But to crown the whole, theſe licentious dramatiſts make one of their bachanals bawl out loud enough to be heard all over England, that we have got all we deſired and more than we could expect.—We deſired and

and expected a Free Trade—have we got that?—and more than that?

We have had the irons, it is true, knocked off our wool—but according to Lord North, who it ſeems is now the oracle, this is done ſo late in the day, as with other concurring circumſtances (ſome of which he enumerates and many more might be added) muſt put it for ever out of our power to rival the Engliſh in this ſtaple—and it is a very general opinion that the foſtering of our woollen manufacture by the non-importation agreements alone, would do more to revive it and cheriſh its growth, at leaſt for ſome years, than all his Lordſhip's ungracious indulgence; God forbid that theſe ſhould relax in this hour of panic frenzy! Yet the late ſcandalous importations into Newry and Belfaſt, which fill every Iriſh boſom with indignation, are truly alarming.—Our comfort is that our truſty and well beloved Volunteers go on improving, not in numbers only, but in their attention to diſcipline, and public meaſures.

But methinks I hear ſome one cenſure me for ſtiling theſe conceſſions, '*ungracious*;' the word really ſliped from me unnoticed, but to keep it out of the errata I muſt obſerve, that it was probably ſuggeſted by what I had juſt mentioned of their coming ſo late; by ſome ſuſpicion perhaps that they were not altogether the reſult of good-will, by their being but partial repeals of injurious and odious acts, and by even this being put upon the unſtable footing of *expedience*, without any *faint* acknowledgment of our national rights; if theſe conſiderations fail of reconciling the reader to that rude epithet he is at liberty to diſpoſe of its leading ſyllable as he pleaſes; but to proceed;

The glaſs no doubt makes a ſhining appearance in our favour, but on handling it even ſlightly we ſhall perhaps find it as brittle as it is brilliant.—In fact, the peculiar advantages of Britain with reſpect to materials and inſtruments, muſt give her in this alſo a decided ſuperiority.

Mr.

Mr. Eden in his plauſible though unmeaning letter on our Iriſh demands, gives our Parliament credit for their adopting ſo vague and indefinite a phraſe as that of a Free Trade; but begging his pardon, looſe as the expreſſion may appear to him, it has a very preciſe and determinate meaning; in which it was uſed by thoſe without doors who inſtructed their repreſentatives, and it is preſumed by theſe alſo; if it has any meaning at all it muſt ſignify a trade free from all reſtrictions, ſave what the wiſdom of our *own* legiſlature ſhall impoſe upon it; or thoſe curbs which it muſt neceſſarily meet with *ab extra*, in conſequence of the uncontroulable juriſdiction of foreign powers over their own ports.

Something was hinted a page or two ago that does not quite fall in with this only admiſſible idea of a Free Trade; on this topic many other conſiderations might be ſuggeſted, but it may ſuffice for the preſent to aſk, whether we are to be ſet looſe from our allegiance to the Engliſh monopoliſts of eaſtern

commerce? Whether we are to be at liberty to ſupply ourſelves with the rich produce and fabrics of Aſia, wherever we can find them on the cheapeſt and moſt advantageous terms? Is even that humiliating Britiſh act abrogated, which forfeits ſhip and cargo in an Iriſh harbour for having a few pounds of illicit tea on board?—*Pudet haec opprobria nobis.*

Let me not be miſunderſtood——I think it really for the advantage of Ireland that ſhe ſhould be diſcouraged as much as poſſible from the uſe of theſe unprofitable luxuries; and I am ſure it is for the common benefit of the empire, which is dear to every true Iriſhman, that ſhe ſhould procure what ſhe *will* have of them from the Engliſh market; but I do contend that this ſhould be the reſult of her *own* wiſdom and public ſpirit, the operation of her *own undictated* laws.

It is perhaps too ſoon to enter into any diſcuſſion of his Lordſhip's third propoſition, before it be completely modified; but it might

might then be too late to obſerve, that though Britain has an undiſputed right to ſtipulate againſt Ireland's having the advantage of her in the exportation of Weſt Indian produce, it is not quite ſo clear that ſhe has any right to interfere as to the ſhare of it, that is to be conſumed at home; or to inſiſt that the poor and ſtarving Iriſhman, ſhould not get a dram of rum or a bit of ſugar, to chear his heart and ſweeten the bitterneſs of his cup, unleſs he pays as highly for them, as the ſleek and full-fed Engliſhman; the preſent high rates of duties on theſe articles in England, have become ſuch by degrees—— their growth has been in proportion to the growing exigencies of the ſtate, with which the encreaſing affluence of individuals hath, till of late, kept pace; but it would be beginning at the wrong end, to enhance articles of general conſumption immediately, from the proſpect of remote and conſequently precarious advantages. Something of this has however actually happened, and operates very diſagreeably; the mere expectation of theſe new arrangements has occaſioned a con-

ſiderable riſe on Weſt Indian produce, which has put the common people out of humour with the Free Trade. They alledge that though the landholder and merchant may gain by it, they are evidently to loſe—that they are to be not only oppreſſed but inſulted.—It is to ſay, 'live horſe and you ſhall get graſs.'——Hence one of them on being aſked the other day what the faſt was to be for, replied, for what but the Free Trade?

We are ſtill it is true to have the option of the circuitous conveyance—that is, to get theſe commodities by a coaſting trade from Britain; which if we do, we ſhall derive no advantage at all from theſe boaſted conceſſions.—For how are we then to ſend weſtward theſe new manufactures to which they are to extend? At any rate, under ſuch an encreaſe of charges, taking the conſequent growth of ſmuggling into the account, our Weſt India trade, ſo much declined already (as the revenue can teſtify) will be nearly annihilated—and it is the only thing we had deſerving

deſerving the name of trade, ſince the American was torn from us.

And ſome fooliſh and timid people whiſper, that there is a more deadly ſnake in the graſs than has yet been diſcovered by its rattle. It has been inſinuated that our Parliament is not only to equalize our duties with thoſe of Britain for the preſent, but that there is to be ſome ſort of compact, either expreſſed or tacit, that they ſhall be equalized in future, to any impoſts Great Britain may find it neceſſary or expedient to lay on. This would be to make our Parliament cut its own throat—to ſurrender in a moſt unprecedented manner, its deareſt privilege, on which reſt its power and importance.—This indeed would be bettering our condition with a vengeance—but it is an idle and ridiculous fear.

However, if this doctrine of equalizing duties for the preſent, be received as orthodox, it is to be hoped that it will not operate partially, but that in purſuance of the

the principle ſuch regulations ſhall take place, as may put our Brewery on ſomewhat like a fair footing with that of Britain; ſo as to give us a chance of getting rid one day of an impoveriſhing importation of Beer, Porter, and Ale, to the amount of 100,000l. per ann. a chance which independently of every other matter we are ſurely intitled to, but can never have, while our own malt drinks are ſubjected to a heavy exciſe, from which thoſe of the ſiſter kingdom are relieved on exportation, being only liable to a petty duty of, I believe, nine-pence per barrel, in our ports.

And ſomething in this way muſt likewiſe be done, to enable us to refine ſugars for our own conſumption at leaſt; and if there be any prohibitory duties in Britain reſpecting our Iriſh woollens, it will certainly flow from this principle, as well as from the nature and reaſon of the thing, that Ireland ſhould be fenced againſt thoſe of Britain by ſimilar Barriers.

But

But waving all this; admitting that we have got, or are to get, a Free-Trade in the fulleſt acceptation of the word, the queſtion immediately ariſes, how are we to be ſecured in the poſſeſſion of it? in proportion to the value of which will be the anxiety for its ſecurity—is it Britain's good faith in obſerving the compact of ninety-two, that we are to ground our truſt and confidence on? Happy is the man ſaid to be who grows wiſe by the experience of others; but he who can derive no wiſdom from his own, however dear bought, claſſes with mad men and ideots—and as the general ſtrain of the treatment we have hitherto met with from Britain cannot afford even the ſhadow of confidence, who is he that would build his on the preſent (poſſibly fugacious) paroxiſm of good humour, into which ſhe has been tickled by our gentle aſſociations? we need not throw our eyes far back to be convinced, that if there be much more in the matter than this, an inſtantaneous political converſion, ſomething like a national new birth muſt have happened;—in which

few

few of us are ſuch Methodiſts as to believe.

We ſhall therefore ſee our *living* repreſentatives (for I have long ſince done with thoſe unreal mockeries exhibited in the news-papers) when they reſume their functions, cooly and calmly deliberate on theſe commercial arrangements, in all their combinations, and through all their probable conſequences; and when fully ſatisfied with them, they will no doubt ſeek to eſtabliſh them on a ſure and laſting foundation; and it may poſſibly occur to their wiſdom, that nothing can give them permanence and ſtability, or effectually conſolidate that union of affection and intereſts between the ſiſter kingdoms, ſo devoutly to be wiſhed, but a ſolemn renunciation of the abſurd and enſnaring doctrine of the ſupremacy and omnipotence of the Britiſh legiſlature, or as ſolemn an acknowledgment in an Iriſh ſtatute, that the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, are competent to every act and purpoſe of legiſlation, and of right neither controulable by, nor accountable

able to, any earthly power, ſave the majeſty of the people.—'Till this is done, I ſhall not ſay that the conſtitution of Ireland is either redundant or defective, but that it is a nonentity—a confuſion of two ſupreme jarring powers, being equally repugnant to the idea, and deſtructive of the very eſſence of a conſtitution—and this conſideration trammels up that deteſted law of Poyning.

And when this is done they will ſet about the neceſſary work of retrenchment, knowing, as they do, that a remote eventual ſucceſſion can neither juſtify nor ſupport preſent profuſion; and being ſufficiently aware that a ſtill greater evil than the mere waſte of public treaſure, attends on unremitted penſions, ſinecures, and exorbitant ſalaries; theſe being everſive of the integrity and independence of Parliament; and they will endeavour to effectuate ſuch regulations of the public revenue as may curb in the unbounded, unconſtitutional and dangerous licence of King's letters, which go ſo deep into the Fiſc, and may go, as things

ſtand

ſtand at preſent, almoſt to the bottom of it.

When theſe neceſſary and glorious works are completed, we may joyfully indulge in an honeſt triumph; congratulating each other on Ireland's being reſtored to her rank as one of the kingdoms of Europe, and on the pleaſing proſpect of her riſing high in the ſcale of nations; but it would be a ſin againſt probability to repreſent Eſau as exulting on having ſold his birth-right for a meſs of porridge; the generous unſuſpecting Eſau, when he was out-witted by his deſigning younger brother.

I thought I had finiſhed, but I find I cannot take leave of the reader, who I know is heartily tired of me, before I ſalute the *veteran* ſecretary, whom the preſſures of the ſtate have again ſqueezed into ſervice, along with the penſioners of Greenwich and of Chelſea;—'till I congratulate him on the curious felicity of his preſent ſituation. By diſcouraging, to the utmoſt of his little authority,

authority, our national armaments, (his ſon is ſaid to have pronounced them treaſonable) he hath conciliated the favour of *Britain*'s ſovereign; and by aſſuming the merit of what is confeſſedly due to their ſpirited exertions, in aid of the wiſdom and virtue of *our* Parliament, he is a *new* candidate for popularity with his majeſty's *Iriſh* ſubjects! and all this the reſult of chance and a lucky throw; not of any reach of foreſight, or depth of contrivance—theſe are not imputed to his Lordſhip.

What's that?—a volley for the Free-Trade; it was a good one, and I am always glad to hear the Volunteers at it, nor does the exploſion, tho' it was rather ſudden and unexpected, ſtagger me.—Fire-works were played off for the Peace of Paris, and we have lately heard of the bellowing of the Tower cannon, and the bleating of the pop-guns at Kew.

Jan. 25, 1780.

F I N I S.

6 DE 58